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576 question with monosyllables, and one should not point with the index finger. It is better to use the words for the cardinal points to indicate direction, but if one must point, it should be done with the thumb, holding the rest of the hand closed.

574 431 The Balinese are constantly paying visits to one another, but no one would dream of making a formal visit without bringing along a gift of some sort: fruit, rice, eggs, or chickens, given casually and received without a word of thanks. It is taken for granted that the present is appreciated by the acceptance of it, but if one wants to be over-polite, one says: "*Tiang nunás*, I want it" or "I like it" (*idéh* in the common language). An object is handed with the right hand while touching the elbow with the left, and it is received with the same gesture.

431 123 The gift-problem became acute for us as we entered into a competition with our friends and neighbours for more and more valuable presents. Someone would arrive with a basket of eggs or rice; we repaid the visit taking a cheap head-cloth. On the next visit they came with piles of fruit and even live chickens, so we had to rush to the market to buy a batik shirt or a bottle of Javanese perfume. We generally ended by exchanging brocades, krisses, and so forth for pieces of silk, flashlights, and fountain pens. The Balinese are very much concerned with the price paid [435] for an object, and they always insisted on knowing what we paid for a present, until we realized that it was a great mistake to remove the price tags. When we bought new glasses or new plates, Dog, our house-boy, washed them carefully around the label so as not to rub off the price.

574 It is necessary to be properly dressed to pay or to receive a visit. [292] The breasts of men and women should be covered by a special breast-cloth, a *saput* for men and a *selendang* for women. People in the house always dashed for their breast-cloth, usually an ordinary foreign towel, when a special guest arrived. Immediately the visitor was provided with green coconuts to quench his [177] thirst, with cigarettes and betel-nut. Up-to-date Balinese like to offer soda-pop, coffee and Chinese pastries. The chewing of

THE COMMUNITY

The chewing of 49
betel-nut is the first gesture of hospitality and the main social 574
pastime of the entire archipelago. To chew betel, a piece of the 276
green nut of the betel palm is dabbed with a little lime, wrapped in pepper leaves, *sirih*, and the whole chewed together with a large wad of shredded tobacco that is held under a monstrously protruding lower lip. The combination of betel, *sirih*, and lime produces an abundant flow of saliva, red as blood, and the betel addict spits constantly, leaving crimson splotches wherever he goes. After certain guests departed, our house-boy always had to wash the veranda steps because they looked as if a murder had been committed on them. Today betel-chewing is not favoured 276
by the younger generation, not only because it looks so disagree- [178]
able, but because it spoils the teeth. The older the person, the fonder he is of betel, and the ingredients are always kept on hand in boxes with little compartments or in special satchels of woven pandanus. Old men without teeth have a special bamboo tube [886]
with an iron rod to mash the various ingredients together. The *sirih*, betel, and lime are presented to guests in little ready-made [431]
packages often beautifully decorated with streamers of delicately cut-out palm-leaf. They are called *tjanang* or *baséh*, a gift.

A host must act as servant to his guests, himself attending to 574
their comfort and not partaking of the refreshments. Meals are 264
also served by the host, even if he has servants and assistants, and he can eat only after the guests have finished. If the visitors come from another village, they are expected to stay for the night and even for days at a time. The place of honour in the house is then assigned to them. After a reasonable period of time the visit is repaid and the presents reciprocated.

Very strict are the rules between men and women. On public 562
occasions men and women keep to themselves in separate groups, 576
and people from Gianyar are shocked to see the sexes mingle in Badung while watching a show. In the same manner the people of Badung are disgusted because in Tabanan men and women [515]
bathe near together. It is rude to look into a public bath and even worse to enter it unless to bathe. Then the other bathers become figuratively invisible.

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(*dalem*), which are themselves, those who live within the palace; 565
and the "outsiders" (*djaba*), the common people. From the point of view of the great majority of the Balinese, this is a fallacy, since it is the nobility who are the real outsiders. The feudalism of the Hindu aristocracy was curiously only superimposed on the Balinese patriarchal communism, and centuries of feudal rule have failed to do away with the closed independence of the village communities. Thus the nobility is left devoid of voice where it concerns the inner affairs of the community, despite the Pungawas and Perbekels they appoint to keep an eye on the villagers.

THE ORGANIZATION OF THE VILLAGE

One moonlight night the "tock tock" of a *kulkul* attracted us 621
towards the temple of the wind-swept, ancient town of Kinta- 623
mani, on the rim of the foggy crater of the Batur. On the road we joined an old man carrying a torch who informed us they were calling the village members to the monthly meeting in the *balé agung*, the "great house," the council hall of the community. It (344)
was a long shed with a raised platform running along its entire length and with a thick thatch of sugar-palm fibre, faintly lit by a primitive oil lamp. There sat the village Elders, cross-legged, in two rows facing each other, talking quietly, each in his allotted place and carefully avoiding the empty seats of those who had not yet arrived. Slowly the platform filled up. When everybody was present, the old headman of the council called the roll while two assistants went around with flashlights to see that everybody was properly dressed: wearing the ceremonial breast-cloth, and a kris.

Thus the Elders of the old villages like Kintamani meet at each 623
full moon to partake of a ceremonial banquet in the company of 574
their gods. The assistants distributed the food from a large basket, placing a heap of parched rice with a ring of beans around it in front of each man, served by a specified ritual number of handfuls. After the distribution of food was over, the oldest member sat at the extreme end of the *balé agung* in an attitude of prayer and recited a rousing speech to invite the ancestral spirits, the

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623 pitara, to join in the banquet. With a clear voice he called:
●574 "*Kakí! Kakí!* Grandfather! Grandfather!" followed by the formula of invitation. Then he took his seat again at the head of the council, by the side of the little raised wooden throne dedicated to the village forefathers. Then everybody relaxed, breaking the tense silence; they discussed village affairs, the improvements of the temple, the coming feast, and gossiped for a while before wrapping the remaining rice in banana leaves to take home.

621 The ceremony was a clear example of the religious significance
[182] of the social organization of the village; the close relationship
[769] between the cult of the ancestors and the administration of the community. A Balinese village is a self-contained, independent community, a little republic ruled by a council of representative villagers (*krama desa*), in which everyone has equal rights and obligations. The independent village is called a *desa*, a term we shall employ to designate the legal, "complete" village that has
[346] the three reglementary temples: (1) the civil temple (*pura desa*),
[778] where the main celebrations are held and where the *balé agung* is located; (2) the temple of "origin" (*pura puséh*, the "navel"), the ancient shrine of the earlier days of the community, dedicated to the symbolical patriarch-founder of the village; and (3) the temple of the dead (*pura dalem*), out in the cemetery.

Such a village is economically and politically independent of all others, except for a curious relation of blood. It often happens
[769] that various neighbouring villages are united by a strong bond into an association of related villages which worship a common original ancestor and with a common temple of "origin," located in the oldest village of the group, which they recognize as a "head" or "mother" village. From this it is supposed that the other villages sprung, and when they grew became independent. Such village associations co-operate with one another by sending offerings and representatives to the temple feasts of the other desas.

621 Just as the temple of origin is the shrine of the Great Ances-
778 [i.e., a monthly banquet of village council of elders. -Analyst]
623

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474 575 [345] [423] halls, the *balé bandjar*, a club-house without special religious significance, with its drum-tower to call to meetings. The *balé bandjar* is provided with a kitchen and with all sorts of cooking-implements: pots and pans, chopping-blocks, knives, etc., which [422] are lent to members who require them. The *bandjars* also own the village orchestras and the dancing-properties — costumes, masks, and head-dresses — which are stored in a *gedong*, a brick building where they are safe from theft or fire.

517 575 The men spend most of their spare time in the *balé bandjar*, gossiping, trying out their fighting cocks, watching a rehearsal of a play or of the orchestra, or just sitting. If the *bandjar* is prosperous, it takes great pride in giving elaborate banquets with music and entertainment. These may happen at the great national festivals, at the anniversary of their little *bandjar* temple, or at the inauguration of a new roof, a new orchestra or dancing-group. But also the private festivals of the members become *bandjar* affairs, and *bandjars* like Belaluan, where we lived, celebrated 574 252 462 575 [202] feasts with staggering frequency. Only the men may prepare banquet food, and often we were awakened in the middle of the night by the *kulkuls* calling them to kill the turtles and the pigs for a feast. Banquet food takes long to prepare and the animals have to be slaughtered in the middle of the night to ensure the freshness of the meat and of the sauces in the difficult climate of Bali. After two in the morning before a feast everybody was busy; the men chopping meat, cooking, scraping coconuts, building sheds and altars; the women carrying water, making offerings, cutting out ornaments of palm-leaf or wrapping individual packages of *sirih* and betel for the guests.

574 517 By noon the banquet took place, the men sitting in the *balé bandjar* in two long rows facing each other with their individual mountains of rice, pig, and turtle meats served in large squares of banana leaf, drinking *tuak* and making loud jokes. When the [515] [264] meal was over, *kendis* of water were passed so that the guests could wash their hands and mouths. The rest of the day and

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342 coconut wood. Generally one or two sides of the *balé* are protected by a low wall and between the house posts are built-in beds or platforms of wood with springs of bamboo, also called [352] *balés*, where distinguished guests sit cross-legged to eat, or where, [574] with a mattress added and screened by a curtain, they are put up [513] for the night.

512 In Belaluan everybody was up even before the first rays of the
231 sun outlined the jagged tops of the coconut palms, awakened by the raucous crowings of the fighting cocks. In the indigo semi-darkness of the dawn the women were busily sweeping the yard and bringing water from the village spring. The first thought of the men was for their pets; to line up the bell-shaped cages of the fighting cocks out on the road by the gate so that the roosters might "amuse themselves watching people go by." The cages of the cooing doves were strung up on high poles for them to enjoy the morning air and the sunshine, and the flocks of pigeons, trained to fly in circles over the house, were released for their morning exercise. As protection from birds of prey, they had small brass bells around their necks that produced various humming sounds as they flew round and round until they tired, when they came down to be fed.

512 After a refreshing bath the men started for the fields without
[515] breakfast, taking along a snack – rice boiled inside of little
[264] diamond-shaped containers of palm-leaf called *ketipat*. More substantial food was taken to them later if they had to remain in the fields all day, but they returned at noon for lunch if there was not much work or if the *sawas* were near. Meanwhile the women fetched sheaves of unhusked rice from the granary, spread them on the ground to dry in the sun, filled the *gebah* – the large water-basin in the kitchen – and started the fire for the day's cooking.
[343] A kitchen is a simple roof of coarse thatch supported by four posts, with a bamboo platform at one end – the kitchen table – and a primitive mud stove at the other. Often a crude figure is
532 modelled out of the same clay of which the hearth is made to
718

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other, both streaming blood, until one staggered and fell dead, 541
the winner crowing and still pecking furiously at the corpse.

It frequently happens that both cocks are wounded but the survivor is healed and often lives to fight many battles. A cock is disqualified if it runs away at the beginning; otherwise the fight is to death. When a cock is wounded but it is considered that it can go on fighting, its owner gives it strength to go on with special massages, blowing his own breath into its lungs; then it is not rare for a badly wounded cock to come out triumphantly over an apparent winner. Should both cocks refuse to fight, they are placed inside a basket, where one cannot avoid being killed. Hundreds of roosters are sacrificed in this manner in every village on the day before *nyepí*.

The Balinese cannot understand the attitude of the sentimental Dutch, who have forbidden cockfights. To them a [648]
rooster is as dead in the kitchen as after a cockfight; besides, cockfights are staged as a religious duty, as a sport that gives an opportunity for a little gambling and as a way to provide food for the next day. The dead roosters are taken home and cooked for the *nyepí* meal. After the cockfights, in Den Pasar 574 ●
it is customary to give a banquet for the children of each *bandjar*, 858
a double row of beautifully decorated trays filled with sweets and cakes served to them by the *bandjar* officials.

Before sunset the evil spirits had to be lured and concentrated 782
at the great offering, the *metjaru*, then cast out by the powerful spells of the priests of the village. Facing towards *kangin*, the East of Den Pasar, were tall altars filled with offerings: one for the Sun and for the Trinity (*sanggah agung*), one for the ancestors, and a third for the great *kalas*, the evil gods. In the centre of the ground an elaborate conglomeration of objects was arranged: food of all sorts, every kind of strong drink, money and house utensils, hundreds of containers of banana leaf with a sample of every seed and fruit that grew on the island, and a piece of the flesh of every wild and domestic animal in Bali (a small piece of dried tiger flesh was pointed out); all arranged

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These offerings are the *matoeran*, the gifts, and distinguished from the *pesoe-pesoean* in that they are not specifically required of the members, but voluntary gifts. Each household may choose what offering to make up and send along to the gods, according to how prosperous the family feels at the time, and to what provisions are on hand. Here the pattern followed is the same as that the Balinese use when they go to visit the palace of a noble, the *grija* of a high priest, or the house of a friend to whom they wish to be polite. It would be unseemly to arrive empty-handed. They come to the temple bearing gifts, so that the gods may be well disposed towards them. Although there is no pressure put upon them to bring these offerings, in this village it is rare indeed for a household to omit sending one of the "voluntary" offerings at the time of the *odalan*, unless they are forbidden to do so on account of being unclean. Women who were born in this village but who, on their marriage, moved away to another, must of necessity offer in the temples of their husbands' villages. But they often return at the time of the *odalan* to give voluntary offerings in the temples of their fathers.

Here the great majority bring the offering called *adjoeman* (food): *telompokan* 2, *katjang-katjang* 2, *tanding, bé siap apaa, djadja begina barak poetih, tjanang genten* 2, *metatakan taledan* (2 rice patties, 2 portions of peanuts, a chicken thigh, red and white cakes, 2 trays of betel, all set out on a round tray).

Arrived at the temple, the offering is sprinkled with holy water, the officiants remove the two *tjanangs*, place them on the central shrine (*Pepelik*) at the feet of the gods, and the priest prays:

Pakoeloen Padoeka Betara, Ratoe Padoeka Betara sepian Padoeka Betara angatoerang sarining boerat wangi, lenga wangi, pingkalih joenan poetih koening.

Wong joerastoe ja nama soewaha.

Lord God, your servant offers you the essence of perfumed ointment, of perfumed oil, together with refreshment yellow-white.

May there be honor. Hail!

Reverence (Mebakti)

The people whose offerings have been dedicated kneel on the floor of the court (or if men, sit cross-legged, removing their head-cloths) and taking a flower between their finger tips make three times the obeisance (*mebakti*) to the gods. Then an assistant comes to them with a dipper of holy water (*banjoen tjokor*), sprinkles them three times, and pours out three times into their cupped hands a little of the water. They drink, they pass the water over their faces, and lastly over their hair. As group after group of worshippers are thus attended to, it would seem that the little bowl of holy water in which "the gods' feet were washed" in the morning would hardly suffice. But the bowl can be replenished again and

796*
793
782
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pāpo 'haṃ pāpakarmā 'haṃ
pāpātmā pāpasaṃbhavaḥ
trāhi māṃ sarvapāpebhyaḥ
kenacid mama rakṣatu

kṣantavyāḥ kāyikā doṣāḥ
kṣantavyā vācikā mama
kṣantavyā mānasā doṣāḥ
tat pramādaṃ kṣamasva mām

English

Om. Have mercy on me, Great God (Śiva), O benefactor of all living beings!
Free me from all evils, protect me, O Sada-Śiva!

I am an evil man, I am an evil-doer, of an evil soul,
sprung from evil (or: a source of evil).
Rescue me from all evils! By any means let him protect me!

May my sins in my body be forgiven, may my sins in speech be forgiven,
May my sins in mind be forgiven! My negligence, then, pardon!

The essence of these verses he wafted towards the gods with a flower — 796* and the gods "were seated." They were replaced upon the central shrine, the *Pepelik*, to sit in state viewing the proceedings. Their followers, the *gegaloeh*, did not sit with them, but were placed in a different building, the *Pengaroeman*. This would be the polite and fitting procedure if they were people accompanied by attendants of lesser standing.

Orchestra players' feast (Sekaha gong ketegakan)

9:40 p. m. It was now twenty minutes to ten, and the ritual which we have been describing had been going on without a break since the gods were taken down from this shrine to go to the bath, more than two hours before. A slight pause was welcome. During the period which [533] followed, the members of the orchestra were given a feast, at the ex- [574] pense of the *bandjar*, to recompense them for playing.

Now for a time the members had nothing much to do, for the priest 796* had a long ritual of prayers to get through before their assistance would 794 again be needed. They were free to wander about outside the temple, sampling the wares of the pretty vendors, gossiping, perhaps taking a turn at one of the gambling tables. Or, if they were too dressed up to move freely, as were the *méndèt* dancers, they sat about on the various *balés* in the temple, chatting, rearranging their hair and their scarves, until it should be time for them to dance again. But no one could go home, for they were expected to stay through the night at the temple, doing full honor to the gods.

5: Belo E-5 (1931-1934)1935 OF7 Bali OF7

the court of the Balé Agung. The Sĕngguhu was present to officiate. The ceremony he called *manchā satah* this time, and the offerings included five chickens and a duck. He could not explain why a second *mĕcharu* or formal offerings to the bad spirits had to be made in the temple, so closely resembling the ceremony performed the previous evening. After the return of the people from the Meeting of Rivers anyone who wished was allowed to enter the upper court of the temple. Perhaps this second *mĕcharu* in the temple was to drive away any evil spirits which might have rushed in at the opening of the gates for forty-two days closed. But neither the priest nor the people gave any explanation of it — only, "that is the way it is done".

When it was over the Sĕngguhu returned to his village. His part in the ceremonies was finished. The next day nothing happened. There was visiting in the houses of the elders. Many cups of coffee were drunk in the give and take of hospitality. At the end of the day, without any formal meeting of the council, it had been decided that the gods should go on third day after the *odalan*, not to the sea, but southward over the mountains to the temple of Pausan, some thirty miles away. They would be carried in procession, riding in their pagoda-houses, accompanied by more than four hundred men, women and children. It would take a day to walk there. Two days they would remain there, making offering and sprinkling the gods with the holy water of the place. Then they would return to their village, up over the mountains, to reinstate their purified gods in the temple. That is the end of the ceremonies required for the birth of twins who are a boy and a girl.

Part II.

Variations of the Ritual and Taboos in different Districts of Bali.

As with all other customs in Bali, marked variations are found from village to village. I have visited a dozen different villages where twins have been born in the past few

6: Belo E-5 (1931-1934) 1935
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consciousness of position in space develops naturally together with the use of language, and the words "kadja," "kelod," "koaeh," and "kangin" are frequently heard in the chatter of the four and five year olds. When such a group was making drawings at my house, they arranged between them which was to have the South wall, which the East, and so on.

Every Balinese sleeps with his head either to the North (in North Bali, South; see footnote, p. 2) or to the East. He may not even lie down for a moment in the opposite direction, for the feet are dirty and may not be put in the place of the head. To lie in the reversed position is said to be "lying like a dead man," although the Balinese in South Bali are not buried with their heads to the South. The implication is that only a dead man, who could not help himself, would lie in this dangerously wrong way.

Sense of Social Orientation

By imitation of their elders the children soon learn also on which "level" they should sit at formal gatherings. Within the courtyard of the Balinese house are a number of pavilions, each on a foundation of sandstone varying in height from two to four feet. On the platforms so formed are couches of bamboo, constructed between the pillars which support the roof. It is customary to sit either upon the clay floor of the foundation-platform or on the couches, which also may vary in height. Thus are provided a hierarchy of sitting-places, whose relative height may be easily ascertained, as the pavilions are without walls.

In family groups no particular attention is paid to the arrangement of levels, and a little girl does not have to stop to think whether or not she is sitting higher than grandfather. But on the advent of a visitor, especially if he be of higher caste than the family of the host, politeness requires that he be given the highest place. At a wedding which I attended of a young man of noble birth, a nephew of the Radja, or Regent of the district, the most formal rules were observed in the seating of the guests. On the floor of the highest pavilion sat the High Priests. On a near-by lower pavilion sat the men of rank, and across the court on a still lower pavilion, the women of the family, also of noble birth. Some chairs were provided for the male guests of the "advanced" type, but these were avoided by the more humble members of the group. Even those seated on chairs were on a level inferior to that where the High Priests sat, cross-legged on the floor.

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legged on the floor. Servants and retainers, people of low caste, came and went through the court. Other pavilions for their use were provided in a rear court, where they would eventually receive a share of the feast; but if any man wished to be seated in the court of honor, he might, after making a reverence with joined hands, squat down on the ground anywhere without fear of offending his social superiors. When all were assembled, the Radja appeared. He marched across the courtyard, mounted the steps of the pavilion where the High Priests sat, and seated himself crosslegged on the bamboo couch which formed the highest level within the court.

The Place of the Children

On occasions such as this when the strictest etiquette must be observed the children are not much in evidence, so quiet are they, so intent on watching their elders and imitating their behavior. Small babies may be present, but they are not heard to cry, for at the first whimper they are given the breast of the mother. This applies to children up to two and three years old, provided no younger brother or sister has taken their place. Aunts, cousins, and elder sisters (from the age of eight or nine) habitually carry or hold children of this age. But it is not customary for a woman other than the mother to suckle the child. A youngster may scuttle across the intervening space which divides the women from the men, scramble into its father's lap, and sit there quiet and solemn-eyed. This is not in the least embarrassing to the fathers, who are extremely affectionate and proud to show off their young. It is not unusual to see a player in the gamelan orchestra holding on his knees for two or three hours his small child, while he reaches around it, beating the keys of his resounding instrument.

As the children grow older, the boys tend to clan together in groups of their own age, whereas the girls stay more closely beside their mothers. One often sees a gang of small boys playing in the village street, flying kites made of a leaf, or a captive dragon-fly, or playing "jacks" or gambling games with pebbles. In contrast to their elders, they do run, skip, and tumble, but rarely does the play take a rough turn. Quarrels consist of brusque words and threatening gestures on the part of the stronger child, while the weaker immediately assumes an attitude of submission, or, if he is struck, utters the plaintive "ado!," equivalent to our "ouch!" The utterance

7: Belo E-5 (1931-1935) 1936 OF7 Bali OF7

children, who have no fixed sleeping places, but are apt to visit about with their elders.

In the balé siang-sangă, which is a sort of family sitting room, also without walls, a place is found for the younger brother Dog and his wife Rawi. There are three platforms, and the children may also sleep here if they please. When guests are spending the night Dog and Rawi give up to them the largest bed, on a slightly higher level, to do them honor.

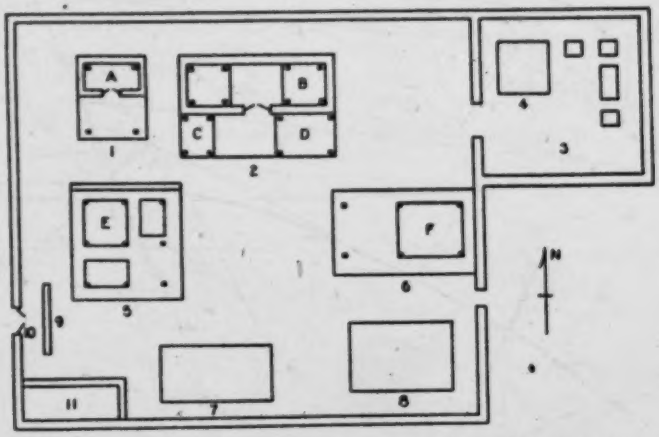

FIG. 4. Plan of the house of Rendah. 1, Balé Sākāpat, pavilion with four posts; 2, Metèn, house with inner room; 3, Sanggah, household temple; 4, Balé Piasan, pavilion for offerings; 5, Balé Siang-sangă, pavilion with nine posts; 6, Balé Sakanem, pavilion with six posts; 7, Paon, kitchen; 8, Djineng, rice-storing place; 9, Aling-aling, magic wall; 10, Kori, gateway; 11, Pigs. A, Koti; B, Dajoeh, Ngetis; C, Rieh, Tjeremé; D, Rendah, Adă; E, Dog, Rawi; F, Kintil, Dapet.

Koti, the eldest sister who was married and divorced, sleeps in a little room in the balé sākāpat, which is reserved for her.

The kitchen stands opposite to the metèn. East of this is the high pointed-roofed djineng, the rice-storing place. Behind are the pigs and fowls. Immediately opposite the entrance gate, blocking the court from the view of passersby and the attacks of evil spirits, is the aling-aling, a single strip of wall. The gate is a sort of stile, covered over by a thatched roof—you go up steps, through a doorway, and down more steps onto the roadway without. Cut into the mud wall on either side of the gateway are small niches used for offerings.

I [68 cont.]
342 over a middle section (3). There is little to say about the roof.

3. Van Hasselt, ibid., p. 154.

M1
342 It is often very high in proportion to the house. The shape of the roof of Malayan houses is peculiar. The ridge is concave in the middle and then runs upward into points at the ends.

We have said enough about the houses on piles and shall now briefly discuss houses on the ground.

d. Houses on the Ground, Their Layout

B
342 Before proceeding, however, we shall say a few words about
351 the houses of the Balinese. Dr. Jacobs reports that the houses,
364 umah, and yards are places for the collection of filth, unhealthy
417 and inhospitable sties. Fortunately, the Balinese spend a lot of time outside the house or sit and sleep in the pavilion pendopó (Bal. balé) in the yard, where many even spend the night. A Balinese yard, natah, is a large square surrounded by a wall, tĕmbok, of clay one and a half to two meters high. A narrow opening is the entryway [69] to the square, which is entirely filled with little houses made of wood or clay or kadjang matting and covered with atap, which represent the living quarters, as many dwellings as there are households, which usually all belong to
B one family. The space free of these little houses is filled with
231 garbage, human and animal excrement, piles of leaves, etc., and what is not eaten by pigs, chickens, and dogs wandering around stays where it is and gradually forms a dunghill. The huts themselves are small, stuffy, and low. Light enters through the door, and the cracks in roof and walls serve as ventilators. In the
B
342 center of the square, there is a kind of pavilion where guests are
●574 received and where they sleep; this is the balé mambĕng, which
513 in cleanliness and decoration contrasts favorably with the rest.